

The history

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Falst. And here is my speech; stand aside Nobilitie.

Host. O Iesu, this is excellent sport ifaith.

Falst. Weepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vain.

Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuay my trustfull Queene,
For teares do stop the floudgates of her eyes.

Host. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotrie plaiers as
euer I see.

Falst. Peace good pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.

Harrie. I doe not onelie maruaile where thou spendest thy
time, but also how thou art accompanied. For though the cam-
momill, the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: so youth
the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: that thou art my son
I haue partly thy mothers worde, partlie my owne opinion, but
chiefie a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging
of thy neather lippe, that dooth warrant me. If then thou bee
sonne to mee, heere lies the poynt, why beeing sonne to me, art
thou so pointed at: shal the blessed sunne of heauen proue a mi-
cher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be askt. Shall the
sonne of England proue a theefe, and take purses? a question to
be askt. There is a thing Harry, which thou hast often heard of,
and it is knowne to many in our land by the name of pitch. This
pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile, so doth the com-
panie thou keepest: for Harrie now, I do not speake to thee in
drinke, but in teares; not in pleasure but in passion: not in words
onely, but in woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom
I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his name.

Prin. What maner of man and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man ifayth, and a corpulent, of a cheerful
looke, a pleasing eie, and a most noble cariage, and as I thinke
his age some fiftie, or birladie inclining to threescore, and nowe
I remember me, his name is *Falstalffe*, if that man shoulde bee
lewdly giuen, hee deceiue me. For Harry, I see vertue in his
lookes: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit
by the tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that
Falstalffe, him keepe with, the rest banish, and tell me now thou
naughtie varlet, tell me where hast thou bene this month?

Pr.

of Henrie the fourth.

Prin. Dost thou speake like a king, dothou stand for me, and
ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiestical-
ly, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a rab-
bet sucker, or a poulters Hare

Prin. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand, iudge my maisters.

Prin. Now Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord from Eastcheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee are greeuous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord they are false: nay ile tickle ye for a yong
prince I faith.

Prin. Swarest thou vngratious boy, hence forth nere looke
on me, thou art violently carried awaie from grace, there is a di-
uell haunts thee in the likenesse of an olde fat man, a tun of man
is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that trunke of
humours, that bouldinghutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcell
of dropies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff cloakebag of
guts, that roasted Manningtre Oxe with the pudding in his belly,
that reuerent vice, that gray iniquity, that sacher ruffian, that va-
nity in yeares, wherein is he good, but to tast sacke and drinke it?
wherein neat and clemly, but to carue a capon and eat it? wherein
cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villa-
nous, but in al things? where in worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you, whome
meanes your grace?

Prin. That villanous abhominable misleader of youth, *Fal-
stalffe*, that olde white bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou doest.

Fal. But to say I knowe more harme in him then in my selfe,
were to say more then I know: that he is olde the more the pit-
rie, his white haire doe witness it, but that he is sauing your re-
uerence, a whoremaster, that I vtterlie denie: if sacke and sugar
be a fault, God helpe the wicked; if to be olde and merry be a sin,
then many an old host that I know is damnd: if to be fat be to be
hated, then Pharaos lane kine are to be loued. No my good lord
banish Peto, banish Bardoll, banish Poinies, but for sweet Iacke

E 3

Falstalffe